

APA-FILK

29th Mailing

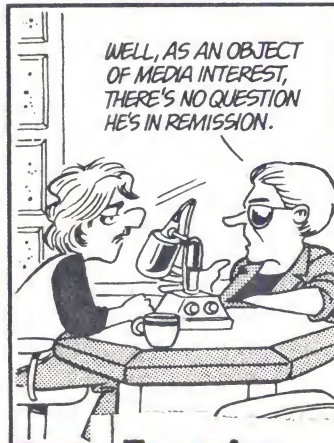
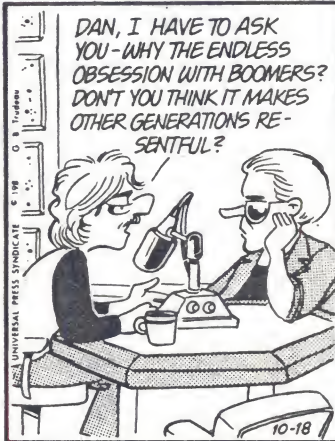
7
EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

1 February 1986

Sshhh!

Don't call Hoover Berg Desmond, the Denver architectural firm, between 10 and 11 a.m. The workers aren't allowed to talk during the daily "quiet hour."

There is hopeful symbolism in the fact that flags do not wave in a vacuum
—IRVING C. CLARK



RUSSIAN AMERICAN CLUB (ACA) presents "The Tall Blonde Man with One Black Shoe," a French comedy in English during club hours 07L Library. Free admission.

Foreplay

The first issue of Playboy was a sellout hit in Turkey climaxing a two-month test.

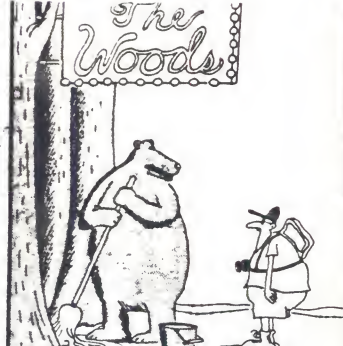
Cheetah, the chimp in the Tarzan movies, is still alive at 51. Sometimes he appears at benefits, and he looks like a mean, rotten old man.

— Dr. Robert M. Miller, a California veterinarian and author who says chimpanzees are not among the animals he loves.

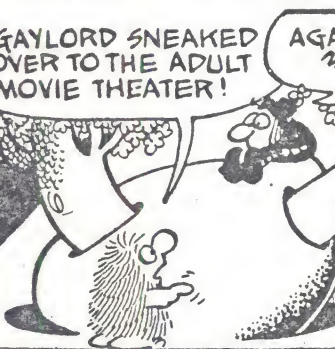
Otter Tail Bonds OKd



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"Hey, look No. 1, we're closed, No. 2, I only work here, and No. 3, we don't like your kind in here anyway."



THIS WEEK IN TV HISTORY WITH DR. OLDIE

TELECASTING WITH STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND HAS ONLY RECENTLY BECOME WIDESPREAD, BUT BACK ON OCTOBER 21, 1958, NBC BROADCAST *THE GEORGE Gobel SHOW* IN STEREO. THE LEFT CHANNEL WAS CARRIED AS PART OF THE TV SIGNAL, WHILE THE RIGHT WAS TRANSMITTED OVER NBC'S AM-RADIO NETWORK! THIS METHOD NEVER REALLY CAUGHT ON.

MEANWHILE, AT THE FAR END OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. HELLO, URANUS CABLE SERVICE. NO, I'M SORRY, WE CAN SUPPLY ONLY HALF OF THE AUDIO ON THAT ONE. WE HAD NO WAY OF ANTICIPATING TRANSMISSION BY AMPLITUDE MODULATION.

Blob is back

Dow Chemical Canada Inc. will send divers into the St. Clair River after the deadly "toxic blob" to see if it's really a leak from its plant north of Detroit.

Never mind

California realtors quit telling home buyers if a previous owner had AIDS when gay rights activists threatened to sue.

WHY CAN'T MY BODY MOVE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE'S?



Create an ideal mate thru visualizing techniques. For info call the VISUALIZATION SEMINAR at 751-9838

SINGING BIKINI GRAMS

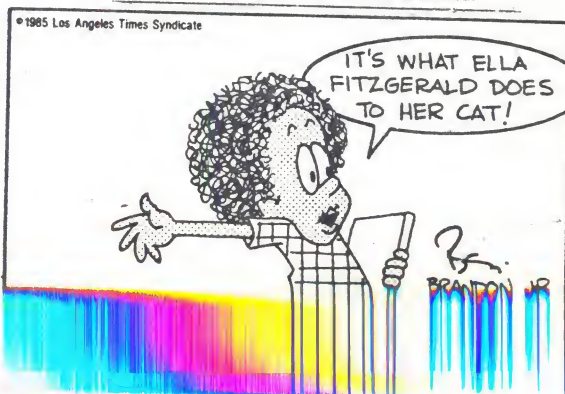
Balloons, Singing Telegrams, Belly Dancers, Flashing Cat Grams, Gorilla Grams, Red Hot Devil Grams, & More! N.Y. Singing Telegrams 989-9338

PSYCHIC SEMINAR

Over 40 courses in NYC-tarot-healing astrol-hypnotism-spirit comm-medit-kirlian photo-occult-psy. dev., etc. 679-1422 All day Psy seminar/fair-Sun, Nov 1, Christ Church-60/Pk-12-6pm \$3

UNDERWATER BIRTH-SEMINAR & SLIDES

Tues Oct 27, 7:30PM. 907 B'Way. \$15. Info call: 212-496-8312.



APA-Filk is a quarterly amateur press association devoted to filk-singing, a term that has never been adequately defined. It was founded in 1978 by Robert Bryan L' ton, and is collated quarterly at the home of John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. See ANAKREON #29, p. 12, for further details.

THEY"LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE"S ROOM THIS TIME
Perpetrated by Margaret Middleton for APA-Filk
#14 for APA-Filk #28

And it's been a year since I had a real contrib, hasn't it! The last y'all heard from me I had a new job back in January and was scribbling my apa - contrib on my lunch-hour. Well, that new job has gone by the wayside, as has the one which followed it. Also, we've moved. Again. New address:

902 N. Fargo Apt. 105
Russellville, AR 72801
phone (501)967-2703

Best hours to catch me if you need to phone are from 5:30 til 9:30 weeknights (Central Time), and most-times on the weekends.

Morris is doing an internship in clinical psychology at the local Community Mental Health Center, and I've found yet another drafting job; this one with a firm of consulting engineers/surveyors. This past week I've been updating the city zoning map with a year's worth of rezoning ordinances and new subdivisions, plus half a dozen sections of new annexation. Interesting, but painstaking, especially when you're dealing with a totally unfamiliar town-map. But a good way to find your way around town FAST.

ROC*KON, the Arkansas home-con for me, was a couple of weeks ago; filking was down some from past years, what-with Randy Farran and Dennis Drew and Suzette Elgin and Robin Bailey all not there. Larry Tagrin, Scott Merritt, Frannie Mullin, Sam Mize, and yrs. trly. managed to cope, though. This will be my last convention until sometime in Spring--between two new jobs and only one car, the range of activity is limited to Friday-After-Work range, and there just aint that many fannish spots that close around here. Maybe we'll get down to Little Rock a couple of times for the SF club meetings--we're only 1½ hours away via I-40, now, instead of 3½ hours of 2-lane hillcountry blacktop.

The next firmly-set convention on my schedule is TexarKon, in early May--I don't have exact dates yet, I think. That is a long dry spell, relieved only by the Tulsa cllub-group's annual Filk meeting in February. I'm diverting \$5 to \$15 from my mundane salary every week's payycheck into my hucking-business, though, to build-up a fund for restocking after the turn of the year, so when I do get to go someplace again I'll have New And Interesting stock on-hand.

Hey, Roberta, can you scribble me up a list of what-all publications you have available that I might want to order for stock, with prices? I'm all out of ~~RRR~~ RecRoomRhymes Omnibus and would at least like to get half a dozen of that.

Only specific mailing-comment on #27 which occurred to me as I was reading it was for Harold: I expected his vampire to come down with AIDS in the last verse. Are vampires even susceptible?

Margaret
Middleton

10-27-85

THEY"LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE"S ROOM THIS TIME

No. 14.2 for APA-Filk No. 29

Margaret Middleton, 902 N. Fargo Apt. 105, Russellville, AR 72801

The Post Office is a fearful and wonderful mechanism. According to correspondence with John Boardman in November, my last APA mailing, which was sent on Oct. 29 or 30, arrived at his place on Nov. 13. His postcard advising me of this development was sent Nov. 14, and arrived here Nov. 16. The APA, which had been sent Nov. 4, arrived Nov. 5 or 6. This would seem to indicate that the PO works 7 times as hard getting mail out of NYC as in.

John, please just collate the previous mailing as the first page of this one.

Meantime I've been busy. A number of you are Filk Foundation members, and others of you used to be FF members. Due to my recent peripatations (2 years-worth), the FF has been more than somewhat erratic in its fanac. However, I seem to be fixed in Russellville with no predictable opportunity for con-going for the next several months, so I have no excuse for not catching up on FF business (well; one--it is nearly impossible to put out a fanzine with an 18-month-old helping, so fanac has to wait until after Sharon Amanda settles down for the night). I have been catching-up on the bookkeeping and to some extent on the publishing: the next KANTELE is as unpredictable as ever, but now there is HARPINGS. This is a bi-monthly newszine with a filk slant which I launched in November. The January (#2) issue is being included with this mailing as Exhibit A in behalf of the continued existence of the Filk Foundation. (well, the first two pages...) Membership is still \$15 per year, which subsidizes the Filk Cons (2 planned for 1986) and supports HARPINGS and KANTELE.

I just got a letter from Jay Bohren of 1231 SW 3rd. Ave Apt. 127, Gainesville FL 32601. He writes:

There is a filksong I wonder if you might be able to help me to track down: it's called "Abeizer Copp" (I think that's how it's spelled--it's pronounced "a-bee-zer kahp"), and it tells the story of the (possibly apocryphal) leader of a (possibly ditto) Leveller-like English religious/revolutionary sect, the Ranters. As near as I can remember it goes something like this:

I heard this song at the 1983 (or '84) Worldcon and the fellow singing it showed it to me printed in a filk-book, but I don't remember which filkbook. Nobody at Off-Centaur has heard of it--they gave me your name.

Abeizer Copp/ Rid himself of sin
"My body is my church," he said,
"God's dwelling lies within".
(...???)

Accepting as his fellow-creatures
Beggar, thief, and whore.

(CHORUS) So drink a loving cup, to Abeizer, Abeizer,
He's a dancing, drinking, roaring Ranter--
Abeizer Copp! Abeizer Copp.

I have never heard of the song either, but figured this would be the best place to quote the inquiry as it is a pretty fair chance the guy he heard singing the song is an APA member, or known by same. Now to get this run-off tomorrow and into the mail so-as to get to John B. in time for the February collaxtion....

Margaret

HARPINGS #2

Published by The Filk Foundation
902 N. Fargo Apt. 105
Russellville, AR 72801

Well, the holiday eating-and-postoffice-inundating season is overwith, the in-box dedicated to the FF has been cleared of the accumulation since last issue, and I have more material than I thought I did. I haven't gotten any more TPFNENs since then, and the November mailing of APA-Filk was rather thin of news, but reader response has been gratifying. (Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks...)

One thing which isn't gratifying is the membership status of most FF members. A lot of this is my own fault; after all, I hadn't sent out any reminders from March of last year until the batch which went out with HARPINGS #1. Since it was my doing, all of you received both #1 and #2 by-way of reassurance that I'm still alive and so is the FF (sort-of). There are special letters enclosed in this issue for you people, and if you renew by the time I start work on HARPINGS #3 (late February/early March) your flow of filk gossip will continue unabated.

There are also regular reminder-letters enclosed for those of you who are due to renew between now and the end of February. I will be enclosing the reminder-notes with mailings of HARPINGS as a standard feature, in the interest of consolidating postage.

JOE HARDIN'S review of the Filk/OKon tape reminds me that although most of the contributors were able to collect their copies of the tape last summer when it was released, there are still the money-royalties to pay. And there need to be about 9 more re-ups come in before I can write everybody's checks.

* * *

The last typing for this issue is being done Jan. 9, for production and mailing during the next week.

Anything useful which I receive by Feb. 28 will most-likely be in the next issue.

To reduce the level of typos, pasteup-ready copy can be sent. This needs to be on a 45-character, 10-pitch line on plain mimeo-bond or computer fanfold paper. A film ribbon would be the best to have in your machine, as copy will be shrunk at 75% in the pasteup process, and Xeroxed again during the actual print-run.

MARGARET MIDDLETON, ed.

STOP THE PRESSES!!

Van Siegling just phoned (Jan. 9) to ask me whether it would be just as convenient for me to be TM of Ohio Valley Filk Fest on Hallowee'n weekend next October. Considering that OVFF's original date was the same weekend as ROC*KON in Little Rock, I allowed as-how Hallowee'en would be just fine.

What prompted OVFF's switch was an exchange of dates between Windycon (usually mid-October, Chicago) and ConClave (usually early-mid November, Ann Arbor) which would have put ConClave right on top of OVFF. And this with Bill Roper as chairman of WindyCon and chief architect of the swap.

Van had not got a phonecall in edgewise with Bill Sutton (Guest of Honor, OVFF) to see if he would be discombobulated by the rearrangement, so I don't know as I typeset this if I will still be introducing Bill or somebody else entirely.

Watch this space next issue for updates.

We now return you to your regularly-scheduled filk news.

RESTART THE PRESSES

New FF member Paul Doerr turns out to produce his own filkzine, titled THE FILK FIESTA. This is basically a filk-oriented perzine. Paul's writing style is breezy-conversational, and nicely readable. There is more talk about filk than actual printed music in the 3 issues he sent me as samples, but give him time.

Among other topics covered is a search for the best-available electronic/audio equipment which will run on 12-volt DC. Paul's house is 'way up in the mountains, and has no "piped-in" electricity. He does have solarelectric cells, but they produce the same 12v/DC as standard batteries, hence the design criterion.

He has also come up with the most inventive hook I've yet seen used in trolling for filksongs:

" Filk Fiesta will hold a continuous filk contest, probably judged twice each year. Send a typed sheet with words and score (FF will publish a blank score-sheet in each issue), a cassette with the song on it, and a letter authorizing as many of the following as you will allow: use in the contest, possible reprinting in Scifant ((another, bigger, genzine Paul does))(with pay); possible use in a commercial tape (with royalties). ((see why he wants good equipment)) Sheet, cassette, and letter should all have the same identification code-word or number. The contestant's name, signature, and address should be ON THE LETTER ONLY. More than one entry may be on the cassette, but this fact MUST BE VERY PROMINENTLY MENTIONED on sheet, tape, and letter (especially the total number of songs on the cassette) and allow about one minute of blank tape between selections.

More than one contest type may be held, or one contest may be restricted to one classification...e.g. amateur or professional. A fancy award certificate will be given to winners, or perhaps to all entrants (and an artist is needed to produce masters for these). No entries will be returned. Tapes should be of the best quality you can do if you wish them considered for commercial use. First prize is \$25, second is \$10, and third is \$5. Judges identities will not be revealed."

It is too soon after the December (specified in a different issue of FF) judging session to have any results reported, but I'll rebroadcast the information when it comes in.

Paul's address is PO Box 1064, Suisun CA 94585. Price quoted is \$10 for 12 issues (approximately one year); free copies to contributors. He didn't give a sample-single-issue price.

NEW MEMBERS AND COA'S SINCE HARPINGS I

Paul Doerr, PO Box 1064, Suisun CA 94585
Emily Epstein, 3902 College View, Apt. 14C
Joplin MO 64801
Janice Gelb, 7513 Mutiny Ave., North Bay
Village FL 33141 (through mid-Feb.)
Joe P. Hardin, PFC, 262-63-4793, Company A(X)
10th MP BN (OSUT) Ft. McClellan AL
36205 (also through mid-Feb.) 1st Plt)
Joey Shoji, PO Box 5515, Concord CA 94524
Van Siegling, 222 Andalus Drive, Gahanna OH
43230 (delete any PO Box address you
may have for him)
John F. Snyder, 1102S. Chelton Rd. Apt. 135
Colorado Springs, CO 80910

MIGRATIONS

Janice Gelb (briefly Weiss) is moving back to the USA in the wake of her divorce. She will be at the Florida address only enroute to the Los Angeles area. We should have a more permanent CoA on her next issue.

Saman-
da Jeude is also moving, according to a letter I got from her right after HARPINGS 1 was mailed. She and Donald are buying a house; between that and the holidays I do not yet have any word from them with the exact new address. Maybe in time for K15?

LOST IN THE POST ORIFICE

HARPINGS 1 came back from Walt Baric, last-
know of Ann Arbor MI.

And Emily Epstein reports trying to write to Linda Lee Stahlman at the address in Parsons KS given in HARPINGS 1 and having it come back marked 'moved/no forwarding address'.

NOT FOR THE SHORT OF BREATH DEP'T.
John Snyder offers a filkish-looking con in Colorado Springs:

King Kon VI; March 7-9 1986
info PO Box 16597, Colorado Springs CO
80935; Sheraton Inn (303)598-5770

"At this time there are no plans for official filk programming (I should know, I'm programming), and no (function) space available for filking to occur. Our programming space sits atop the hotel nightclub and you know what that means. We should have a good filking turnout where-ever it ends up, as we expect a good chunk of the Denver filkers are planning to show. You should have seen all the filk fans who crawled out of the woodwork at MileHiCon (in October) to see Leslie Fish."

REPORT ON THE CHAMBANACON EFFECT

Helen Parker writes! "Sorry you couldn't make Chambana this year--it proved to be one of the best filks in a long time! For the first time in many a con, Ann Passovoy showed up and actually SANG Saturday night! I don't know how long it had been since I'd heard her do 'Mary O'Meara'--she still does it better than anyone else! Corinna Taylor (Frank) played the bagpipes; she's newly pregnant and Al said no pregnant piper jokes were in order. There was plenty of hilarity anyway. Bill Sutton brought his mother along, and she used her for the 'sacrificial virgin' in 'Have Some Madeira, M'Dear.'! I missed a fair bit due to circumstances beyond my control; you'll have to consult somebody else if you want a complete report."

As it happens, I got a phone call from Mary Kay Jackson a week or so after Chambana, and she corroborates Helen's story. "After hearing about Chambana from you all that time", she started out, "I was a bit wary attending my first one, but it was everything you'd described and more". The traditional Chambana snowstorm even was in evidence on Sunday; this was very hard on folks who had been filking til daylight only to find that they now had to drive in that condition. One particularly wasted chap was last reported sitting on the edge of his bed, sock in hand, trying to figure out which end to put on.

MORE BABIES DURING CONVENTIONS

Marie Schneider reports hearing that Kathy Mar's twins were born the same weekend as Windycon (although Kathy was in Denver or Frisco at the time, not at Windycon). Marie forgot to ask, though, whether boy(s)/girl(s) or 1+1.

JERSEY FLATS #6, February 1986

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410-1124

Here we go again... It's been a not-very-jolly Holiday Season for me & my family. Both my parents were quite ill at Christmas-time, which put a damper on most of the family festivities. I did manage to hold a filking-Trekkin' party (more about that later)...but I've been so wound up with personal matters that song-and-story writing has had to take a back seat.

CONVENTION REPORTS

The B.A.S.H. is not a real "filking-Con", but I got my licks in; once again, the weather palyed an important part in what went on. Boston in November is wet and cold and there were a batch of Philipino tourists at the hotel who were totally miserable in the fog...so they crashed the Con! A lot of them sat and listened there in the hall, quite mystified, but enjoying the music. They had no idea what the words meant but they clapped along with the choruses. Jack (I think his last name is Porter?)... the guy who writes the sea songs... and I sang for about three hours before cold and noise drove us away.

PhilCon was more of a filker'Con than any I've been to since LunaCon...I sat on a panel with Crystal Hagel and one of the "Boogie Knights"; I heard Clam Chowder two nights in a row; and there were two Round-Robin "pick/Pass/Play" filksings. Friday night was more silly stuff, Saturday was serious. J. Specer Love pointed out that a complete round of the room took two hours, which meant that some of us had to sit on 'goodies' for a while... Jack was back, and Crystal, and J. Spence, and various other people. And I was able to peddle a few REC-ROOM RHYMES, to pay for the trip.

Someone came up with a great filk, a portion of which goes (to the tune of "Green Grow the Rushes-0"):

I'll sing you one, o...High shriek the sopranos!
What is your one,o?
One is the weird song out of une, mangled by the filkers.

Two, two are the mismatched chords
Transcribed by the copyer...

Three, Three guitars off-key... etc.

I can't remember much more of it...I think Eight were the Celtic Instruments; Seven too many syllables in each line; five are the mislaid Cliff-notes....You get the idea!

As for the two Creation Cons...FORGET IT! There was so much to-ing and fro-ing that there wasn't any time to ~~intet~~ introduce new fans to the Joys of Filking.

COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE

To John Boardman: Re Verse #545 of "REAL Old-Time Religion" -- I don't know where you were brought up, but East of the Mississippi Sari, Merry, and Hairy do NOT rhyme! And the Great God Squat is of great aid to us drivers who have to combat each other in the Search for Space...parking space, that is. You can get downright vicious about it, especially on a hot Saturday or a freezing Sunday in a suburban mall, when you have a mile hike to shelter...and there's a delectable space right in front of the entrance.

To Greg Baker: Best of luck on the move! And we sang your Fannish "Old King Cole" at the Friday Night Sillies in Philly -- wish you'd been there.

To Matthew Marcus: The "Pick/Pass/Perform" can. as you pointed out, run over 2 hours just to get around the room once; the "Stray-Cats & Dogs" sounds like it! And you get filk hogs (blush, blush) who tend to jump in whenever they can... I got lucky at PhilCon, people asked me to sing some of my own favorites (not all my own stuff, either). At PhilCon, between Crystal and me and Jack and J. Spence, there were enough people with enough books and guitars to cover possible requests...it seemed to work pretty good.

You didn't mention the ultimate "Filk As Performance", i.e., the Group, like the Denebian Slime Devils or the Boogie Knights. They sing semi-professionally, often with a LOT of rehearsal time, and they are usually very good...but is it Filk? And you are right about the stuff that isn't on the tapes or in the Hymnals. A lot of people are printing up the lyrics (not just me)....

GENERAL COMMENTS, PEEVES, ETC:

Among the things I did at PhilCon besides filks was to finally get to see something called "Sapphire and Steel", a weird British series that defies description...it's a sort of SF/Time-Warp idea, with David McCallum as a Being (he looks Human, but you can never be sure) whose Mission is to prevent THINGS from sneaking into this time-continuum. In the episode I saw, he and his partner, Sapphire, were adrift in a haunted house; the key to the mystery lay in nursery rhymes...I knew that "Ring around the roses" was a reference to the Plague, but I didn't realize that "Goosey Goosey Gander, whither shall I wander..." was about the Roundheads searching out Royalists, Dissenters, etc. A very interesting concept... if you can take the time at the next Con, see it. There is no way anything this esoteric is going to make it to American TV...not even the local cable stations will carry it.

Rumor is that "Blake's Seven" is being shown on local and cable TV stations; let me know when it hits the Big Apple? I'm getting mildly fascinated with Dr. Who...at least some of the older ones. It's got a sort of sneaky charm...I'll never be a Total Whovian, but there are worse things to watch on Saturday nights (like the second go-round of "Rocky II?")

Among the things I got to do between hospital visits and ministering to the sick during my mini-vacation were a look at the exhibits at the Museum of Natural History, the Royal India exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum, and that aforesaid filking-Trekkie party --- I assembled a batch of people, including our own John Boardman for a few hours of chat, song, munchies, etc. It worked out okay, I think...I hope people had a good time...I certainly did, but the hostess isn't supposed to enjoy her own party.

Finally...I talked a LOT with Vinnie Bartilucci about his plans for an East Coast Filk-Con... there are some hotels near Fair Lawn that are reasonably close to NYC, that do not cost too much, and that haven't had any bad vibes from SF Cons... There may be an East Coast Filkers'Con yet!

No time for new filks right now...I've been too busy getting 'zines edited, parents well, children to school... next time....

Keep on Trekkin' -- Forcefully!

Roberta Rogow

~~SING SNEB~~

29th Stanza
APA-Filk #29 for

Mark L. Blackman
1745 East 18th St. 4A
Brooklyn, NY 11229

A tune was running
through my head before,
"The monitor's not here,
so give a little jeer" (the jingle from the film THE MONITORS). (You see, the wrong monitor was included with the computer I bought this week.) Another, more promising effort, a filk about Dr. Ruth (which needs polishing and is more appropriate for May anyway), written mostly on the subway yesterday, brought to mind a line from a filk Tuli Kupferberg wrote 10 years ago and which I included in an APA-Filkzine exactly 3 years ago: "This train is bound for a dollar" ("This Train is Bound for Brooklyn") - because the fare has just gone up to \$1. Finally, PBS repeated its Gridiron Club special so I was able to tape those filksongs (even if they don't know or use the term) Roberta and I have mentioned in our zines, including this inspirational anthem for "a comfortable Republican America":

((no title given but tune is "America the Beautiful"))

O beautiful for Tel & Tel,
DuPont and Sperry Rand,
For U.S. Steel and Honeywell,
And Continental Can...
American Cyanamid,
3M's and A&P,
And Standard Brands
And HoJo stands
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for Friendly Skies,
Anheiser-Busch and Schlitz,
For Howard Hughes's Tools & Dies
And for the Statlers' Ritz...
Americard and Diners Club,
Sears and Montgomery Ward,
And Pontiac and Cadillac
And good old Jerry Ford.
((Last 4 lines repeated))

--- & -- THE MELODY LINGERS::Comments on APA-Filk #28 -- & -----

COVER#28: What was that you said, John, about "whistling girls com(ing) to no good ends"? And as a witch, Broom-Hilda fits in with the theme of ANAKREON/John Boardman: "Real Old-Time Religion": If the offerings are as sparse next year, you might want to supplement with other songs (as you've done before). I heard one yesterday, "Witches Wanna Cast Spells".

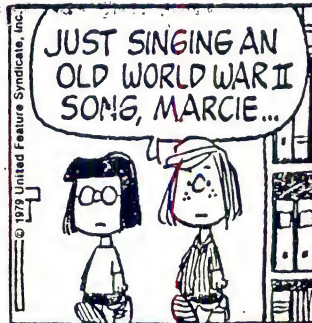
JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: That's getting to be a common problem of Dealers' Rooms. But it is a function of the con, as much as the Art Show or panels. // Borrowed tunes are recognizable, for one thing, and sometimes depend on this recognition. A filk may run parallel to its original (at times unimaginatively so - you know, just changing one word), or play off it with undertones of humor or irony (like one Mark Russell did on the baseball players/cocaine scandal, "Take Them Out of the Ballgame"). // If you drop the Trek references, you open up "The Ship" to being about a vision of humanity instead of just one more Trekkie song.

TAKING NOTES/Mistie Joyce: Right, cons are sorta removed from outside-world news. And more on this topic...

ISOSCAN/Matthew Marcus: My brother described cons as "watch(ing) a bunch of guys dressed like Mr. Spock or Conan the Barbarian", and in response to my comments about panels and parties, he added that teachers do that at conferences also "but they don't get dressed up as George Washington." // I believe Westerfilk's (and others') stress on original tunes is for copyright reasons. // "Find me a charity that's needy - and tax-deductible."

PEANUTS

Cartoon
----->
is for
John's
"Yester-
filk"
section.



WE OWN THE WORLD

by Larry Sloman (National Lampoon, October 1985)

They came from all over: Iraq, Syria, Libya, Mozambique, Lebanon, Yemen. They streamlined into Tehran by private jet, luxury boat, helicopter and, in one case, a camel. They were united in one cause, giving effortlessly of their valuable time and talent, producing a visual testament that will inspire millions in the years to come. They canceled department-store bombings, airplane hijacks, sniper attacks on school buses, just to be part of this historic event. ...

There comes a time
When we heed a certain call,
When the righteous must come
together as one.
There are people flying,
Oh, it's time to sneak aboard,
Hey, Stewardess, which way is
Tehran?

We own the world,
We kill the children,
We are the ones who commandeer
the planes,
Don't check our luggage.
There's a choice we're making,
We're snuffing out some lives,
It's true, they don't let
infidels in Paradise.

Well, send 'em demands,
Make the Great Satan really pay,
To get gas, just shoot one like
a rat.
As Arafat has shown us,
By sporting a three-day growth,
Barbara Walters'll treat you
like a diplomat.

We own the world,
We kill the children,
We are the ones that plant the
bombs on buses,
We kill athletes.
There's a choice we're making,
We're snuffing strangers' lives,
It's true, we'll get our just
rewards in Paradise.

When you're down and out,
And there seems no hope at all,
Just believe in me
And drive your truck into a
wall.
Well, well, well, let's realize
That a change can only come
If we blow 'em and ourselves
To Kingdom Come.

We own the world,
We kill the children,
We're the ones in kamikaze trucks,
So let's start driving.
There's a choice we're making,
We're snuffing our own lives,
It's true, we'll drive Mercedes-
Benzes in Paradise.

The "Letters" column in this same issue included the following filks:

Lady Madonna,
Your pictures are the best.
Guess that you had something
To get off your chest!
'79's shot was made in art class,
In '85 you said you'd be a nun,
Now everyone's going to see your
bare ass.
What a fat bum!

--Bob Guccione, Penthouse

(And even though Charlie Belov
& Not-Cat are no longer here)

Stopped into a church
I passed along the way.
Well, I got down on my knees,
And I began to spray.

--The Mamas, the Papas and
Morris the Cat, California
and/or Heaven

"For each hi-de-hi, there must be an equal and corresponding hi-de-ho"

--Calloway's Law

ANAKREON

#29

1 February 1986



YENTA-GRAM!!
You don't have to be Jewish to send a Yenta - Gram. YENTA - GRAM
475-0566, 242-3900

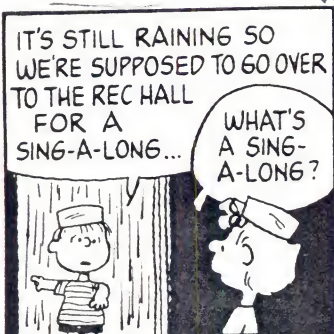
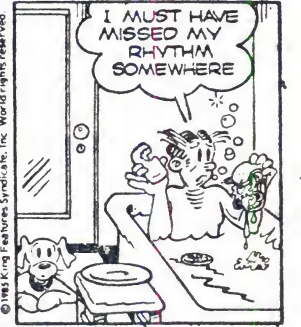
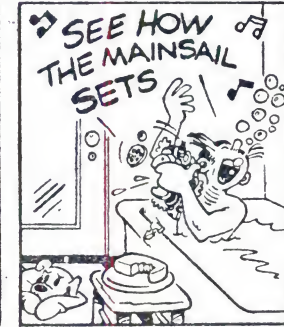
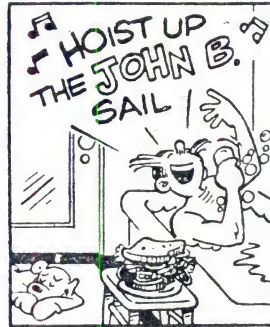
SEXUAL FANTASIES?
Call 966-0322 and listen to a recording!

Exchange overheard on Capitol Hill:
Q. How many press secretaries does it take to change a light bulb?
A. I don't have anything on that, but I'll get back to you.

HERE'S A TRIVIA QUESTION FOR YOU, MARY FRANCES... WHAT IS THE MOST POPULAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN THIS COUNTRY TODAY?



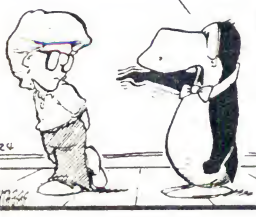
11. PROCRASTINATION III; Mark Isacoff. Continuation of Procrastination I. Topics to be explored are the modes, history and psychological motivation of procrastination. As in Pro. I emphasis will be placed on the student's ability to refrain from logical and conclusive thought. As in the past, the hours have not been arranged as of yet, but we'll get around to it.



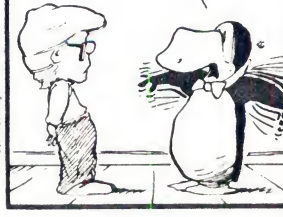
Compton Officer Joins Muppets Organization

Robert H. Savage, who when last seen was president of Compton Advertising, has suddenly reappeared surrounded by Muppets as managing director and chief operating officer of Henson Associates. The question is, does he notice much of a change?

CONSPIRATORS! ALL OF YOU! TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A CONFUSED AMNESIA VICTIM! SO I'M A BIRD, EH? HA! I JUST DON'T BUY IT!!



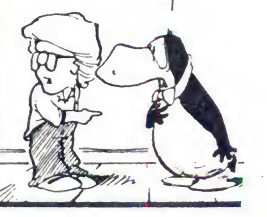
A BIRD IS SVELTE AND AERODYNAMIC... I AM NOT! A BIRD CAN FLY... I CAN NOT! A BIRD CAN SING... LISTEN TO THIS:

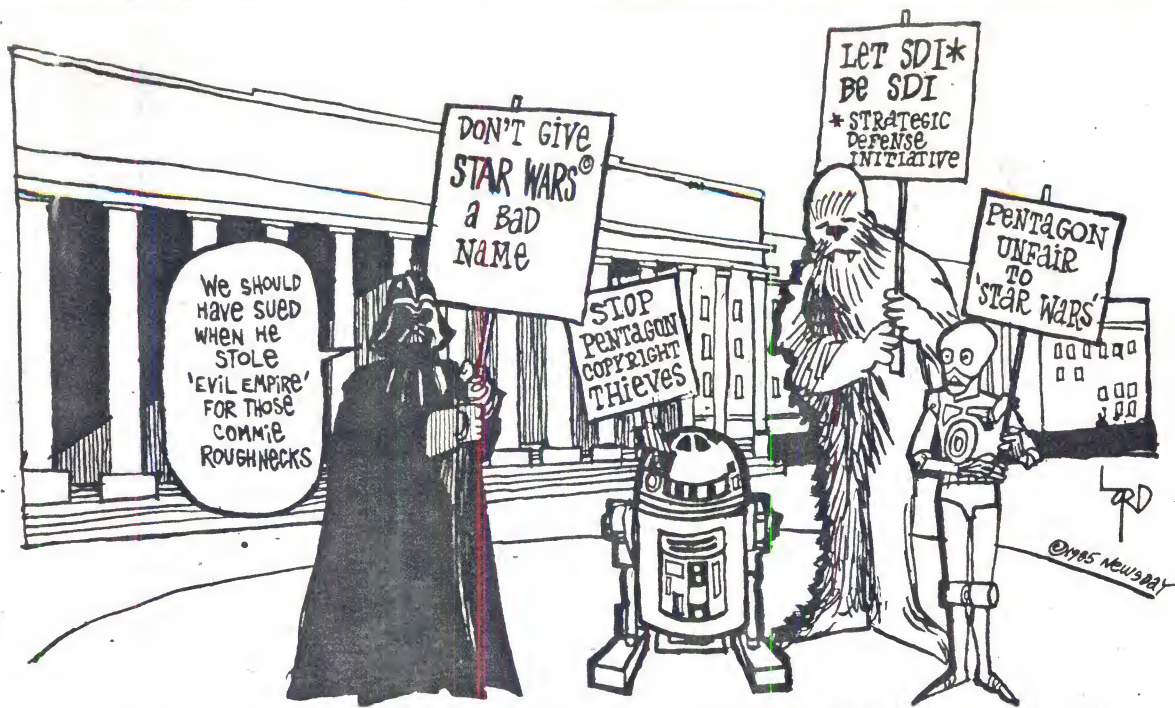


YESTERDAY... ALL MY TROUBLES SEEMED SO FAR AWAY... NOW IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE HERE TO STAY.. OH, I BELIEVE IN YESTER-
COUGH! GAG!



HE MAKES A STRONG CASE. WHO AM I REALLY? "BULL WINKLE THE MOOSE"?





Music: Antique Organ

WE WERE VERY PLEASED WITH THIS CAMPAIGN YOU DID FOR US...



... AND EVERYBODY AT THE PENTAGON THOUGHT THIS WAS INSPIRED...

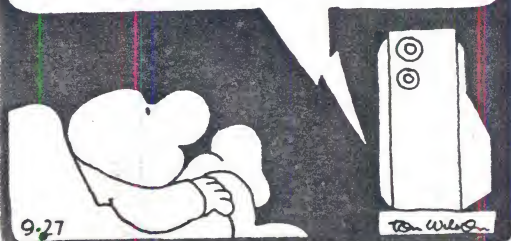


NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THIS.



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...AN ADMINISTRATION SPOKESMAN, WHO ASKED NOT TO BE IDENTIFIED, SAID TODAY, "OO-EE-OO-AH-AH, CHING CHANG, CALLA-WALLA BING-BANG."



9-27

OVERHEARD at the Anglo-Israel Friendship dinner at the Dorchester Hotel, London, last week, after the toastmaster had announced, 'Gentlemen, you may smoke.' Diner (sotto voce): 'There's a Government warning on every packet.' Michael Sacher (joint vice-chairman of Marks and Spencer): 'There's a packet warning on every Government these days.'



"We're setting a dangerous precedent, men ... Cancelling every weapon that doesn't work could leave us defenseless!"



OPEN MEETINGS SUIT: The commission to celebrate the bicentennial of the Constitution, which has for the most part kept the celebration a private matter, was sued by the Ralph Nader-funded group, Public Citizen, to open its meetings to the public . . .

PORK BARRELS IN THE SKY

(Tune: "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

A Congressman went riding down to vote for "High Frontier"
 Or "Star Wars" or whatever they are calling it this year.
 His Cadillac was speedy and his driver knew the route,
 But suddenly from up above he heard a ghastly hoot.

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai!
 Pork barrels in the sky!

Up in the sky he saw a sight which made his jaw go slack,
 An ancient biplane painted with a Maltese cross in black.
 No sound it made as on it flew, but then the pilot stood
 And brandished in a pudgy hand a piece of blazing wood.

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai!
 Pork barrels in the sky!

The Congressman sat speechless as the plane flew low and near.
 The pilot leaned and shouted down, "Believe what you will hear!"
 "I too once thought my country could be made secure from air.
 "I said my name was Maier if a bomb could be dropped there!"

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai! :
 Pork barrels in the sky!

"We spent," he said, "our millions for a perfect airborne shield.
 "If no one could attack us we could force them all to yield.
 "But then the foe outfought us and our country came to grief.
 "I took a drink of poison ere they hanged me like a thief."

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai!
 Pork barrels in the sky!

The ghostly plane flew onward, never more the pilot spoke,
 But waved the blazing firebrand till the sky was filled with smoke.
 He hurled it then into the east, igniting all the sky,
 And out of sight into the fire they saw the biplane fly.

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai!
 Pork barrels in the sky!

The Congressman then shivered as if all the world were ice,
 But then he said, "I still will vote to pay the Star Wars price.
 "I'm heavily invested in the firms that make it fly."
 The driver sagely nodded, and he answered, "So am I."

Yuppie-ai-oh! Yuppie-ai-ai!
 Pork barrels in the sky! ..

YESTERFILK

XII. Clang Clang Clang Went the Cash Register

The most famous song ever written about a subway does not, alas, belong to the first and greatest subway system in the United States. It was "The Man Who Never Returned", and it was written in 1948 in protest of a fare increase on Boston's M. T. A. What most people don't know is that it was a campaign song for Walter O'Brien, the Progressive Party's candidate for Mayor, who was pledged to reverse that increase. Two years later, New York's ever-memorable Vito Marcantonio ran for Mayor, also on a third-party ticket, and also pledging to roll back a subway fare increase. Both O'Brien and Marcantonio were defeated, and now electorates seem content to give enormous majorities to politicians who promise to increase the cost of government services.

In the early 1960s, when the subway fare was 15¢ and Vietnam was no more than a gleam in John Kennedy's eye, a group of what would later be called "underground" musicians formed in the East Village. The two best-known names among them were Ed Sanders (publisher of Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts) and Tuli Kupferberg, a recent graduate of Brooklyn College. The group was called the Fugs, and they did the coffee-house circuit. As few people nowadays seem to know, the "protest" scene was already in place before protests about the war with Vietnam got started, and the Fugs were part of it.

With talk of a fare increase to the altitudinous level of 20¢, Kupferberg wrote this, to the tune of "This Train is Bound for Glory":

This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train.
 This train is not good lookin', this train.
 This train is bound for Brighton,
 If you want to go to Bay Ridge, you're not on the right one.
 This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train.

This train has shopping bag ladies, this train.
 This train is hotter than Hades, this train.
 This train has Krishnas beggin',
 Young kids fightin' and old seats shreddin',
 This train has wheels a-screechin', this one.

This train keeps payin' interest, this train.
 This train keeps playin' interest, this train.
 This train keeps payin' interest,
 In whose interest is that interest?
 This train keeps sprayin' interest, this train.

This train has mashers mashin', this train.
 This train has graffiti passion, this train.
 This train has teen-age jokers,
 Shortened cars and reefer smokers,
 Well, this train has some doors workin', this train.

This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train.
 This train is not good lookin', this train.
 This train is bound for Brighton,
 If you want to go to Bay Ridge, you're not on the right one.
 This train is bound for Bricklyn, this train.

This train is bound for a dollar, this train.
 This train is bound for a dollar, this train.
 This train is bound for a dollar,
 Unless we all stand up and holler!
 (spoken): "And even then..."
 This train is bound for a dollar, this train.

(spoken): "Free The New York Subways
 Free Fares
 Free The New York 8 Million."

The day that Tuli Kupferberg predicted over 20 years ago has at last come. The subway fare went up to 20¢ under Mayor Lindsay in 1966, and in his second term he boosted it to 30¢ in 1970, thus neatly bypassing all those sarcastic buttons that read "Save the 25¢ Fare!" In 1972 he put it at 35¢. It went to 50¢ under Mayor Beame in 1975. The present incumbent, Edward I. Koch, has raised the fare a record four times: to 60¢ in 1980, 75¢ in 1981, 90¢ in 1984 and, to celebrate a re-election by a 3-1 margin, it went to \$1 on New Year's Day as he was inaugurated for this third term. A special compound brass-and-steel token is being minted to celebrate the occasion, although the U. S Treasury has bags and bags of Susan B. Anthony dollars lying around the place that nobody wants, and that didn't cost the city a penny to mint.

(As an objection it is claimed that the Anthony dollar resembles a quarter. Why shouldn't it? It'll buy what a quarter ought to buy.)

The reference to interest in the third verse refers to the financial dealings of 50 years ago, whereby the Interborough Rapid Transit and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit became city property. The bondholders were paid off on terms extremely advantageous to themselves, and to this day their interest represents a major drain on the resources of the Transit Authority. It was of this deal Mayor La Guardia said: "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut!"

The proponents of a fareless subway claim that it would be a major shot in the arm for city business. Costs would be cut for commuters, businesses could more easily attract people to live in the city, shoppers would more readily come to the major Manhattan shopping centers, and tourists could move around the city more easily. The business generated by this increased and free accessibility could generate the taxes that would maintain this free subway system. This may sound like "voodoo economics" to you, but look how successful that sort of thing has been politically in recent years.

"This Train is Bound for Brooklyn" was reprinted on 26 October 1977 in Night Call, the evening session newspaper at Brooklyn College. Since writing it, Kupferberg became notorious for his book 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft, and for such verses as this:

I Am the Ruler of the C. I. A.

(Tune: Sir Joseph Porter's song from H. M. S. Pinafore)

When I was a lad I served a term
 As junior spy in a munitions firm.
 I cleaned the A-bomb, swept the ocean
 floor,
 And polished off Red remnants in old
 Singapore.

I polished off Red remnants so carefullay.
 That now I am the ruler of the CIA.
 (He polished off Red remnants so carefullay
 That now he is the ruler of the CIA.)

As junior spy I made such a mark
 That they gave me the post of a chemical
 mark.

I made my arrests with a smile so bland,
 And I signed the affidavits with a smooth
 firm hand.

I falsified the papers with a hand so free
 That now I am the ruler of the CIA
 (He falsified the papers with a hand so
 free
 That now he is the ruler of the CIA)

(continued on p. 8)

PORTENTS FOR OUR TIME

How "Pork Barrels in the Sky" Was Written

The filksong that appears on page 3 of this issue of ANAKREON has several sources, and I thought it might interest the readers of APA-Filk if I went into how it was written. The original tune is that of the mournful Irish anti-war folksong "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye". At about the time of the Slaveholders' Rebellion this tune was speeded up, the words were prettied up, and it became "When Johnny Comes Marching Home". Then, in the 1950s, it was changed again, to a slow, ominous, western theme as "Ghost Riders in the Sky". This song, with its refrain "Yippie-ai-oh! Yippie ai-ai!" invoked the ancient theme of a vision seen in the sky, warning the living of some grim event in the near future.

With the rise of the term "Yuppie", purportedly standing for "Young Urban Professional" or "Young Upwardly-mobile Professional", the change from "Yippie" to "Yuppie" in the chorus was inevitable, and I understand that Tom Paxton has already done a song, satirizing Yuppies, in which this tune is used with the altered refrain.

The theme of portents in the sky gave rise to "Pork Barrels in the Sky". As befits a technological age, whose supreme expression the Strategic Defense Initiative is supposed to be, the vision is that of a World War I biplane. The "Maltese cross in black" is a German insignia for airplanes, and the pilot is intended for that World War I air ace, Hermann Wilhelm Goering. Goering seems to have been the first person to conceive the idea of defending his nation by arranging to destroy every enemy aircraft without exception that should attempt to fly over it. He once promised the German people that "If a bomb ever falls on Germany you can call me Meier!" After World War II Goering was tried and found guilty of war crimes, but ~~poison was~~ smuggled into his cell the night before his scheduled execution, and he cheated the hangman.

Yet an even older theme is plaited into "Pork Barrels in the Sky". It comes from Brennu-Njals Saga, the culminating and finest product of medieval Icelandic literature. Though this saga is little-known in the English-speaking world, it is in my opinion superior to the Iliad and the equal of the Odyssey as an epic.

There are portents before each of the major events of this saga, Njala as it is familiarly called by today's Icelanders. One of the most impressive occurs in the 125th chapter of the saga, just as the bloody feud between the sons of Njal and the malevolent Sigfussons, led by Flosi Thordharsson, is about to come to a climax. As Flosi gathers the 120 murderers who will burn Njal and his entire family in their home, a young man named Hildiglum Runolfsson emerges from obscurity to see a vision of the gathering tragedy. Two translations follow, and you can choose whichever you want. The one on the left was the first rendering of Njala into English in 1861 by Sir George Dasent, and may be found in Everyman's Library. It is, however, considered too romantic and florid for modern tastes. The one on the right is by Professor Magnus Magnusson, the principal expounder in our time of his ancestors' literary masterpieces to English speakers, and by Hermann Palsson; it is in the Penguin Books edition. The Dasent version is quoted here from the induction to Eric Rücker Eddison's fantasy novel The Worm Ouroboros (1926).

"...He went out on the night of the Lord's Day, when nine weeks were still to winter; he heard a great crash, so that he thought both heaven and earth shook. Then he looked into the west air, and he thought he saw thereabouts a ring of fiery hue, and within the ring a man on a gray horse. He passed quickly by him, and rode hard. He had a flaming firebrand in his hand, and he rode so close to him that he could see him plainly. He was black as

"On the Sunday night twelve weeks before winter, Hildiglum was outside the house; then he heard a tremendous crash, and the earth and the sky seemed to quiver. He looked to the west, and thought he saw a ring of fire with a man on a grey horse inside the circle, riding furiously. He rushed past Hildiglum with a blazing firebrand held aloft, so close that Hildiglum could see him distinctly; he was as black as pitch, and

pitch, and he sing this song with a mighty voice -

'Here I ride swift steed,
His flank flecked with rime,
Rain from his mane drips,
Horse mighty for harm;
Flames flare at each end,
Gall glows in the midst,
So fares it with Flosi's redes
As this flaming brand flies;
And so fares it with Flosi's redes
As this flaming brand flies.'

Then he thought he hurled the firebrand east towards the fells before him, and such a blaze of fire leapt up to meet it that he could not see the fells for the blaze. It seemed as though that man rode east among the flames and vanished there.

After that he went to his bed, and was senseless for a long time, but at last he came to himself. He bore in mind all that had happened, and told his father, but he bade him tell it to Hjalalti Skeggi's son. So he went and told Hjalalti, but he said he had seen 'the Wolf's Ride, and that comes ever before great tidings.'

Hildiglum heard him roaring out:

'I ride a horse
With icy mane,
Forelock dripping,
Evil-bringing.
Fire at each end,
And poison in the middle,
Flosi's plans
Are like this flying firebrand -
Flosi's plans
Are like this flying firebrand.'

Before Hildiglum's eyes, it seemed, the rider hurled the firebrand east towards the mountains; a vast fire erupted, blotting the mountains from sight. The rider rode east towards the flames and vanished into them.

Hildiglum returned to the house and went to his bed, where he fainted and lay unconscious for a long time. When he recovered he could remember every detail of the apparition he had seen, and told his father about it. His father asked him to tell it to Hjalalti Skeggjason.

Hildiglum went to Hjalalti and told him. Hjalalti said, 'You have seen the witch-ride, and that is always a portent of disaster.'

The word translated as "Wolf's Ride" or "witch-ride" is in the original gandr, where the limitations of my typewriter force me to represent the Icelandic letter edh as "dh". "Gandr" is a sort of all-purpose word referring to any magical thing or person; it is the same root as in the name "Gandalf", which Tolkien took from a list of dwarfs' names in the Elder Edda.

The relevance of a portent from Njala to our own times was pointed out by the English writer Nigel Balchin in his contribution to Fatal Fascination (Little, Brown; 1964). This is a collection of four essays on famous murder cases of the past; the other contributors are C. S. Forester, Eric Linklater, and Christopher Sykes. (Forester and Linklater respectively try to clear the names of William "Lord Haw-Haw" Joyce and Mary Queen of Scots, but I remain convinced that both of these culprits were thoroughly guilty of the crimes for which they met their deaths.)

Balchin points out that both sides of the feud in Njala were operating on the highest and noblest motives, and as a result, "a noble-minded, generous, and wise old man, whom everybody respected, was burnt to death in his house with his wife and all his family. The crime was committed on the orders of another thoughtful, noble-hearted man, almost equally respected."

Flosi and his lynch mob set out after the processes of the law seemed inefficient and insufficient to punish Njal's sons, who had killed his niece's husband for complicity in the death of their own half-brother. "Flosi's good intentions foundered on impatience," Balchin observes. "Because the machinery of law was not yet working properly, then it must be discarded, and what he knew was morally wrong must nevertheless be done in order to get immediate results. And so a noble and decent man takes his followers to church and then goes and commits a horrible, brutal, and unsuccessful crime...Like Flosi, nations today are restrained from violence by two things - their principles and their fear of the consequences." But once Flosi

lost faith in the principles he had supported, his fear of the consequences alone was not enough to restrain him. The moral need not be laboured."

Balchin goes on to bridge the gap between Njala and "Pork Barrels in the Sky". He concludes: "It is not the criminal that we have to fear. It is the well-meaning but impatient Flosi, with no really deep-rooted belief in the improbability of society. If he arises in our own world, his power multiplied many millionfold but his problem basically the same, he will probably still lead his followers to church before he sets out for Bergthorsknoll, in a desperate effort to prove that he is committing a crime on principle. But this time the burning house will fall in on something more than Njal and his family."

*

The rest of "Pork Barrels in the Sky" is minor editorial comment. The current version of Goering's plan to shoot down absolutely everything that is aimed in your direction is variously known as "High Frontier", "Strategic Defense Initiative", "S. D. I.", "Star Wars", or "That Great Big Maginot Line in the Sky". I speak the western dialect of American English, and so the rhyme of "route" and "hoot" in the first verse seems perfectly reasonable to me, but easterners may prefer to make it "route" and "shout". And, finally, you may find it very instructive to ask a proponent of the S. D. I. what investments he or she may have in the aviation or electronics firms that will be getting those enormous government contracts. Whether you get a detailed response, or an indignant rejection of your request, you may be sure that the S. D. I. advocate is putting his mouth where his money is.

Foreign readers of ANAKREON may not be aware of the term "pork barrel". It is used to describe an appropriation of public money made less for the satisfaction of some public need than for the personal enrichment of its supporters. And, as "yuppies" seem to be among the chief supporters of the S. D. I., they deserve a place in the song's refrain.

YESTERFILK (continued from p. 5)

In serving up bombs I made such a name
That an agent's agent I soon became.
I kept two guns within my boots,
And the Premiers of six countries I
contrived to shoot.

Those shootings ~~stood so well for me~~
That now I am the ruler of the CIA.
(Those shootings did so well for he
That now he is the ruler of the CIA.)

Guatemala, Indonesia were such jolly trips
That they gave me command of a Tonkin Gulf
warship.

Those electronic wonders, those Honeywell
machines
Were the best damn murderers that I have
ever seen.

And that kind of ship so suited me
That now I am the ruler of the CIA.
(~~That kind of trip~~ so suited he
That now he is the ruler of the CIA.)

I grew so smart that I was sent
To buy the Meo tribesmen for 75 cent.
I pride myself on my bargaining power
And I bought each of them for only
Seventy-four.

And the heroin we sold it was so sugar
free
That now I am the ruler of the CIA.
(And the heroin he sells it is so sugar
free

That now he is the ruler of the CIA.)

I used the money that I saved so wise
To rent a dozen airfields from the
greedy Thais,
From which I run a war with almost zero
casualties:
Two Americans a week, two thousand
Vietnamese.
And I ran that war so electronically
That now I am the ruler of the CIA.
(And he runs ~~the war~~ so silently
That now he is the ruler of the USA.)

This appeared in the Village Voice of 18 May 1972, at a time that the First America-Vietnamese War was "winding down". It says something or other about our era that it has aged badly, with many of the references difficult now to trace, while his earlier song on the subways is still bang-up-to-date.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

APA-Filk #27 Cover: (Blackman): This cover was somewhat misprinted, as its artist said at the collation, but the essentials were preserved. For those who don't follow science-fiction Worldcons, it stands for the 1985 Worldcon, held in Australia, and a special US con, NASFIC, held in Texas for North Americans who couldn't afford the trans-Pacific trip. So the kangaroo and the armadillo stand for Australia and Texas respectively. Each is drinking a favorite beer of the other (Foster's Lager and Lone Star) and singing a favorite song ("Waltzing Matilda" and "Yellow Rose of Texas".) They are also wearing each other's hats: the kangaroo has the classic "ten-gallon" while the armadillo has the pinned-up hat the Aussie soldiers have made famous on battlefields all over the world.

Singspiel #27 (Blackman): The one-big-comet explanation for the Great Dying at the end of the Cretaceous has been succeeded by a whole lot of comets one after the other, which would have strung the process out for quite a while as the geological record suggests. One perturbation of the Oort Cloud, out some several trillion kilometers from the Sun, by a passing star, could do it. Back to the drawing board - astronomers, geologists, palaeontologists, and filk-singers.

Thanks for the hint about the Strategic Defense Initiative being "a pork barrel in the sky". Turn to page 3 to see what I've done with it. Obviously there are people in Washington who remember that the last full year, in which the United States of America was on an entirely peacetime economy, was 1938. If it weren't for projects like S. D. I., and the well-publicized threat that supposedly justifies them, our economy would be back where it was in 1938. And who would want that?

I suspect that the "hinky dinki" in the refrain of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" may come from some other American bawdy song. I vaguely recall hearing it, to quite another tune, as part of the chorus of "Roly Poly", which is also known as "There Were Three Whores from Montreal". (Sorry; I don't recall the words well enough to re-print them here, nor do I recall them as being particularly inspired.)

ANAKREON #27 (me): I never did get the words, in Dutch or English, to "Popie Yopie". Fred Kuhn informed me that someone on the WBAI staff knew them, but he was never there when I phoned. As for the summer camp song, see elsewhere in this issue.

Jersey Flats #4 (Rogow): If George Lucas comes through on schedule with a fourth Star Wars film in 1986, there'll be more verses for your "Girlwatcher's Guide to Star Wars." However, rumor has it that his creative inspiration is either played out, or smothered under heaps of money, or turned off by what the Reagan Administration has done with his concept. Not long after Return of the Jedi, envisaged as the sixth in a nine-film series, was released, I saw what purported to be an outline of Star Wars III: The Fall of the Republic. This, presumably, would have been the terminal film of the first of the three trilogies. But it is not being trumpeted as imminent, or even in production. Why should it be? If you want to see a republic fall, you won't have to go to the movies for it.

And, since you didn't quite cover all the planets cited in the Star Wars trilogy, here are a few more:

Mademoiselle from Yavin Four, (Parley-voo)
 Mademoiselle from Yavin Four, (Parley-voo)
 Mademoiselle from Yavin Four,
 She'll do it on the temple floor,
 May the Force remain with you!

Mademoiselle from Endor's moon...
 Says she will, someday, real soon...

Star Wars is coming, the world is
 heating up,
 Please to put a trillion in the Penta-
 gon's cup.
 If you haven't got a trillion then a
 half-trillion will do.
 If you haven't got a half-trillion,
 we'll stage a coup.*

Mademoiselle from Dantooine...
She can be felt but can't be seen...

Mademoiselle from spicy Kessel...
She'll let you win if you want to wrestle...

Mademoiselle from old Correll...
She's great if you can stand the smell...
May the Force remain with you! (For no one else will)
May the Force remain with you!

Instead of planning a Filking Con for this part of the country, why don't a bunch of Filkers simply show up at an already existing relaxicon and do a lot of filking in hotel rooms and wherever else it can be managed? Just pick the relaxicon well in advance, so it can be publicized in APA-Filk and elsewhere. An already existing committee will do all the work of planning, and all we have to do is show up. I-Con V on 4-6 April at SUNY Stony Brook might be a good one, or if you aren't turned off by the management there's NYClone on 4-6 July in South Plainfield. There'll be a NYClone flier in this Mailing.

Filkin For APA-Filk #27 (Doerr): I quite agree with your enthusiasm for "Banned from Argo". One of the things I like about it is its ingenuity. It is obviously about the crew of the Enterprise, and yet there is not one word that the most litigious producer could get upset about - assuming that Gene Rodenberry were as prone to reach for lawyers as is George Lucas. (The weird-fantasy writer Robert Moss once had a novel in the works about a killer satellite, which was to be called Deathstar. Then Lucas summoned his lawyers, and the book was released as Deathbeam. That's why I thought Lucas would be able to prevent the supporters of High Frontier from using the word "Star Wars". Moss, incidentally, is best known as co-author of a fantasy novel, The Spike, in which the hackneyed old device of a sinister, widespread, secretive conspiracy cut to take over the world was dragged out once again.)

Nuke the Kazoo #2 (Rubin): There are a number of music programs for Commodore's personal computers.

"Finding the Filksing" can be made a lot easier of the filksing's organizers post the necessary information on the bulletin board or message board of the convention.

Tribbles? I know what tribbles are. They're Wookiee eggs.

After High Frontier gets started, you can compose twelve or fourteen new verses to "Contractors' Waltz".

Momus' Phiz (Paker): Filking in French now - congratulations!

Singspiel #28 (Blackman): I haven't seen all that many "60s nostalgia commercials," except for "golden oldie" songs from that period. If hippies are the subject of drama these days, it is pitched in the Big Chill key of "See, how foolish and irresponsible we all were then. Now I've got a tip on a stock that will really take off when they start building 'Star Wars'...."

I've never watched "Bill Moyers' America". It would only make me think of Bill Moyers, High Priest to the Infallible God Lyndon. Was it he or Jack Valenti who said, "I sleep better at nights knowing Lyndon Johnson is my President"?

Al Nofi sent me an article from Conservative Digest, in which some retired general set out to defend those \$600 toilet seats and thousands-of-dollars coffee makers as altogether right and proper usage of public money.

Since the last Mailing, Joe Bob Briggs has been restored to favor by the Dallas Times-Herald.

ANAKREON #28 (me): I'm sorry the crop was so meager this year, but neither my inspiration nor anyone else's seemed to come up with much that was any good.

Jersey Flats #5 (Rogow): Oh, I remember "Si Me Quieres Escribir." When I was an undergraduate at the University of Chicago (1949-1952) the Spanish Civil War was the sort of favorite and lovingly remembered Lost Cause that the Peace Movement later became. Like the equally futile anti-war movement, of 1965-72, the Spanish Republic in the Civil War (1936-39) produced a number of very singable songs that lasted long

after the cause itself had been crushed. So I can sing "Freiheit" and "Hans Beimler" in German, and "Los Cuatros Generales" and "La Quinze Brigada" in Spanish. ("Hans Beimler" is to the same tune as "Ich Hatt' einen Kamerade", a soldier song which dates from at least the Napoleonic Wars and is the German equivalent of "Taps".)

Not long ago I heard you sing "The Ship" and enjoyed it very much. Enterprise is not the only ship name that has been repeated in the U. S. Navy, and other countries have that tradition too. The British Navy has had ten Ark Royals, the last an aircraft carrier decommissioned a few years ago. It would be altogether fitting to have ships named Hornet, Ark Royal, or Jean Bart taking off for the stars.

The old battle between the performers and the participators starts up again. I think that the performer should perform the first few times a song appears, just so everyone gets the idea that Roberta Rogow composed "The Ship" or Greg Baker composed "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life". Besides, they can sing. I would have no hesitation about passing a copy of some new work of mine, together with the identity of the tune, to someone whose voice can do it justice. But, after the song has been established, and songsheets go around, let it be a collective accomplishment.

We had a pleasant if brief folksinging party at your mother's place on 23 December, and I only regret that it wasn't longer and we didn't get more singing done. (I'd brought the whole ANAKREON file.) Incidentally, at that meeting I promised Rachel Kadushin to send her some back issues, but when the car for Brooklyn was called I left in such a hurry that I didn't get either her New York address or her University of Chicago address. Could anyone provide one or the other to me?

It is of course an aggravation to see something interesting in a language you don't know. But it would be difficult to translate Greg's filk of "Le Marseillaise" which satirizes the French attack on Rainbow Warrior, because the original song and

Arise, children of the fatherland,
We have to kill the environment.
With our atomic bombs
Sent to the Pacific,
Sent to the Pacific.
Hear from New Zealand
The voices of the environmentalists
Who say, We have arrived
On the ship Rainbow Warrior.
Sink the ship!
Sink the environment!
Glory! Glory!
Until the air is impure,
Mess up the whole world!

the filk are so uniquely Gallic. Still, we can try, and for the benefit of monophones, my effort is to the left. I have not taken the trouble to make it rhyme, scan, or be singable.

And, for those readers who are still in process of completing their education, take this as a strong recommendation to get in some courses in foreign languages. Except by using Benjamin Franklin's recommendation to get yourself a "sleeping dictionary", you will never be able to learn a foreign language any easier. The languages that you choose should fit your own needs and preferences, but learn a few. If you live in a city which has a large number of people speaking that

language (like Spanish in New York City or Cantonese in San Francisco), so much the better. You can not only practice with the locals, but by reading their newspapers you can improve your vocabulary.

There is, incidentally, a misprint in the last line of Greg's original text. The word printed as "ebrouillanter" should be "embrouillanter".

Momus' Phiz (Baker): I'm sorry to hear that A Parcel of Rogues broke up, and I hope that you can get a group organized in your new location. There are many fans in Baltimore and its suburbs (with which I include Washington), and to judge from performances at Disclaves and Balticons they enjoy theatrics including filking. But we'll miss you and your guitar at First Saturdays and local cons.

The Latin phrase you want is "Delenda est Carthago". If you want to be more general, try Voltaire's "Ecrasez l'infame". He never got specific about what infamous thing was on his mind at the moment, so his reader could take it as he wished.

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1355

Your new version of "Old King Cole" is good. In the legendry of the Freemasons, King Coel actually existed. He is supposed to have been a British tributary monarch during the Roman occupation, and to have been the father of Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine I, and alleged discoverer of the True Cross. Sober history makes her a Greek woman whom Constantius Chlorus married in the Balkans before he was ever posted to Britannia. The Latin word for beer, which you want in the SCAdian segment, is cervesia; it is Gallic in origin.

Once WBAI-FM played half an hour of old whaling shanties, and then announced that they were giving equal time for the whales. They then proceeded to play half an hour of whale songs.

Taking Notes #2 (Joyce & Weiss): Thanks for the Westercon report. I wish we could have filking cons like that in this part of the country. I also wish that even more west coast filkers would **start** contributing to APA-Filk.

Isoscan #2 (Marcus): I greatly favor audience participation in filking bees, and therefore wish that people with less well-known songs would distribute songsheets. If I remember it, I bring a fair-sized library to filking sessions. Of course, I have a selfish interest in this. My voice is so bad that I know I would never be invited to do a solo, so if I want to participate in filksinging I have to do it in large, raucous crowds.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

Well, it's that time again. APA-Filk, an amateur press association of filksinging and related activities, is published every three months. It is assembled, usually on the First Saturdays of February, May, August, and November, at the home of John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. The copy count is 50, though an increase is open for discussion. If you can't come by for the collating session and want to get APA-Filk by mail, just send me a few dollars. You'll get billed for postage and packing (12¢ per envelope). As of 4 January 1986, the present states of the postage accounts are:

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Mark Richards	99¢
Sean Cleary	\$7.36	Kathy Sands	\$13.62
Paul Doerr	\$2.73	Pete Seeger	\$9.41
Harold Groot	\$5.71	Glenn Simser	\$2.33
Jordin Kare	\$8.69	Beverly Slayton	\$1.56
Cheryl Lloyd	55¢	Peter Thiesen	\$14.86
J. Spencer Love	\$1.94	Rick Weiss	\$6.49
Lesley Lyons	\$2.45	Paul Willett	\$9.11
Matthew Marcus	\$18.30		
Randall McDougall	\$1.81		
Margaret Middleton	\$3.25		

Your present balance is _____.

The "present balance" above is calculated including the mailing costs of this present Mailing. The accounts of Bob Lipton, and of Deirdre and Jim Rittenhouse, are included with their APA-Q accounts. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢
Vinnie Bartilucci	-76¢	Mike Rubin	-42¢
Dana Hudes	-85¢	Elliot Shorter	-\$2.00
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Dana Snow	-15¢

If you do not have your own printing facilities, I can print any stencil that will fit on a Gestetner ximeograph. Printing and paper costs are 2¢ per copy per sheet, and can be deducted from your postage account. If you wish me to send you copies over and above the copy count of 50 for personal distribution, just let me know.

LAKE TZELUCHES: THE TRUE STORY

In ANAKREON #27 I threw in a few lines, all I could remember, of a folksong that a college classmate had picked up, as a boy, in a summer camp sometime in the middle 1940s. A few weeks later I threw the lines out at a FISTFA meeting at Lani Litt's place, but no one there had ever heard them.

I was obviously working the wrong generation. The people present were in their 20s and 30s. But, a few weeks later, I asked Fred Phillips, and there I struck pay-dirt. Fred is of the same generation, ethnos, and background as my original informant. He promptly sat down at my typewriter and from his memory of summer camps long gone, produced these verses:

By the shores of Lake Tzeluches,
Where there grows the creeping moss,
Lived a tribe called Potch-in-Toches
Alter-Kocker was their boss.
Ay-ay biddi-biddi boom-boom
Biddi-biddi boom-boom-boom!

One day Chiefie went a-fishing,
Caught a squaw instead of bass,
Making wee-wee in de bushes -
All he did was scratch his --
Ay-ay biddi-biddi boom-boom
Biddi-biddi boom-boom-boom!

Tall and slender she was growing,
She was a lovely Indian maid.
All the young bucks, they were wondering,
How the hell can she be --
Ay-ay biddi-biddi boom-boom
Biddi-biddi boom-boom-boom!

A buck by the name of Nit-ge-die-get
Saw her and he grabbed his chance -
She slipped through and tripped his loins
All he got was ants-in-pants!
Ay-ay biddi-biddi boom-boom
Biddi-biddi boom-boom-boom!

This puts it, like much kiddyfilk, in the class of the uncompleted line. In such songs, the rhyme scheme leads up to one of the "improper" words, which is then not spoken. "Potch-in-toches" is Yiddish for "swat-in-the-ass"; if it is spelled differently in Fred's text from what I did in #27, suffice it to say that Yiddish is not written in the Latin alphabet, and so transliterations differ. "Nit-ge-die-git", which can be rendered as "carefree", is the name of a Jewish summer camp which must have been very well attended to judge from the number of references to it. (It was a standing joke in Mad, back when Mad was a comic book.)

Songs of this sort used to be much more common when the taboos were stronger. "Sweet Violets" is the best-known example; whenever a "dangerous" rhyme seems to be coming up, the singer breaks off, and in a quite different tune sings:

"Sweet violets!

Sweeter than all the roses,

Covered all over from head to foot

Covered all over with -

Sweet violets!"

("from arse to tit" in some versions)

The song given in the Vicarion collection as "A Clean Story" is another example, as is a version of "Bang Bang Lulu" which Karina once brought home from Erasmus Hall High School, replete with verses like the one to the right.

The "Vicarion collection" is one to which I have made much previous reference in these pages, Count Palmiro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads. "Vicarion" is a

pseudonym of the English poet Christopher Logue. The edition I have was published by Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press at a time when it was quite illegal in the English-speaking world, and I bought it at the Librairie Anglaise in Paris in the summer of 1959.

Lulu had a chicken,
Lulu had a duck,
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would -
Bang bang Lulu -
Lulu bang bang...

THE SONGS OF LONG, LONG AGO

Elsewhere in this issue of ANAKREON is a song by Mike Agranoff, appropriate to this season of the year, entitled "These Are a Few of My Favorite Diseases". I first got in touch with Mike in November, when he phoned me and asked about APA Fillk. As it happened, Mike was to have a gig at the Good Coffeehouse on the evening of Friday 3 November, and we met there. I gave him a bundle of APA-Fillk back mailings, and we can expect to hear from him in future issues.

The Good Coffeehouse is an endeavor of the Ethical Society, and meets most Friday evenings at 9 in their building on Prospect Park West in Brooklyn. The ECS is one of those frightfully earnest and intellectual and ineffectual liberal religious groups like the Unitarian Universalists, the Quakers, or the Reconstructionist Jews. Their folksong evenings bring in people of various folk traditions, ranging from US bluegrass to Irish and other Celtic Revival types.

Four days after our visit to the Good Coffeehouse, Newsday carried an article about the place, describing it as an attempt to revive the coffeehouses of the 1950s. Actually, it fits into an older tradition - the central European cabarets and coffeehouses whose entertainment featured satirical revues and comments on contemporary life. (For an account of how that sort of thing worked in pre-1914 Europe see some of Jaroslav Hashek's sketches in The Red Commissar.) And Agranoff was of the generation more appropriate to the anti-war coffeehouses of the 1960s, where the cost of admission virtually included a disbelief in the ability of the American invasion of Vietnam to accomplish anything.

However, from Hashek's time to the present day one thing has remained constant about these coffeehouses - their complete ineffectiveness. The coffeehouses and cabarets of pre-1914 Europe did nothing towards overthrowing the old empires or stopping the war. The cabarets of the Weimar Republic were completely unable to keep Adolf Hitler from coming to power. And the coffeehouses and folksingers of the period 1964-72 did nothing practical towards getting U. S. troops out of Vietnam, and made no lasting impression whatsoever on American life and thought.

These reflections hit me about 36 hours after Perdita and I had spent a very enjoyable evening listening to Mike's songs. While reading the Sunday paper, I turned on WNYC-AM for the three-hour "Sunday Morning" show which they rebroadcast every week from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. One of the CBC's reports that morning was an account of the factory in Amarillo, Texas, where U. S. nuclear weapons are assembled. The local people, as interviewed by the CBC, were all enthusiastic about the factory. It makes jobs, it brings in money, they love it. The local Roman Catholic bishop tried to get his parishoners to think about the moral implications of working there, and managed to persuade precisely one of the workers to quit, amidst publicity that did Catholic collections in that area no good whatsoever. Nuclear weapons, one man said, were necessary to keep the U. S. from being ruled by "Elitists" as the Soviet Union is. (If those pudgy retreaded peasants in tailored horseblankets are "Elitists" then I am Madonna's next lover.) Oh, as good Bible-believing Christians, they believe that Armageddon is going to come Real Soon Now anyhow, and that a thermonuclear war will fulfill all the prophecies. This is heaven on earth for Christians - helping to fulfill the prophecies of the Bible, and getting well paid for it at the same time! One Good Ole Boy took a slightly different approach, one that he didn't find in the Bible. He told the CBC reporter that if the bombs he is working on are going to blow up everything, he at least was going to have a good time while he can.

And people like Mike Agranoff and his listeners think they're going to fend this off by singing anti-war folksongs in a coffeehouse in Brooklyn. While some 40 listeners applaud these folksingers and feel virtuous; those Good Ole Boys are screwing together more nuclear weapons in Amarillo.

Mind you, I like Mike Agranoff as an individual, and I enjoy sitting in the Good Coffeehouse and listening to the folksingers. I sympathize with many of the sentiments in these songs. But the 1960s anti-war campaign to which current folksong enthusiasts look back was one of the most spectacularly lost causes in history, and any attempt to revive it will be lost again.

Still, you can spend a pleasant Friday evening at the Good Coffeehouse for only 94¢, listening to a wide variety of different styles of folk music. (Keltic and Appalachian predominate, but others are also represented.) As of present writing they had not released their program past the end of January, but one is in preparation. For a copy of future programs, write to The Good Coffee House, Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11215, or phone them on Friday evenings at 718-768-2972.

For more general information about the folk music scene, particularly in the northeastern states, you should subscribe to the Newsletter of the New York Pinewoods Folk Music Club (NYPFMC). This newsletter, which is published at the beginning of every month except August, is available with NYPFMC membership, \$12 a year from Jean Halpern, 26 Ravensdale Rd., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y. 10706. Sample copies of the Newsletter for non-members are available from Folk Music Club, CDSS, Room 2500, 505 8th Ave., New York, N. Y. 10018. The newsletter is also distributed for free at this address and at various Manhattan shops that carry folk songbooks and instruments.

If you live in Greater New York City, the NYPFMC Newsletter can use you at its collating sessions. These take place usually on the first Thursday of each month, at the 8th Avenue address given above. They usually get under way at 5:30 PM, but for details phone 212-594-8833 for information. For some reason, the January Newsletter announces the February collating session as taking place not on Thursday, but on Tuesday 4 February.

The NYPFMC Newsletter carries a thorough listing of upcoming folk concerts all over the northeast, as well as folk music programs on the radio, and upcoming weekend camp-outs in the country which will be devoted to folksinging. There are also ads, want ads, and reviews of folk recordings.

Another local folk publication is Broadside, which relates mainly to "topical" (for which read "political") folksongs. This monthly is \$20 a year from P. O. Box 1464, New York, N. Y. 10023. Tuli Kupferberg (see page 4) is a regular contributor. Broadside also publishes recordings of political folk.

GRACELESS NOTES

Back issues of APA-Filk are going fast, and people should order them soon if they would like any. Available back Mailings, and the quantities available, are:

14 - 1	19 - 8	22 - 5	26 - 6
15 - 8	20 - 10	24 - 1	27 - 7
16 - 9	21 - 2	25 - 2	28 - 10
18 - 13			

Like present and future Mailings, these are available for postage and packing. See "The Ministry of Finance" on p. 12.

The increasing demand for APA-Filk might induce contributors to consider raising the copy count from its present value of 50. Contributors should send in their ideas on this ~~for~~ the next Mailing, whose date is 1 May 1986.

*

Since putting on stencil the article on page 8 about "Pork Barrels in the Sky", I have found the original text of the Njal Saga's celestial warning of disaster. Since Old Norse is entitled to be called a "classical language" equally with Sanskrit, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, I will put it here in the split-line alliterative verse of the ancient Norsemen:

Ek rídh hesti	hélog-bardha
uríg-toppa	illz-valdanda
eldr es í endom	eitr es í midhjo
svá es um Flosa	rádh sem fari kefli
svá es um Flosa	rádh sem fari kefli!

*

This is going to be the largest issue of ANAKREON in its eight-year history. This was partly due to the fact that I have two Mailings on which to comment, and partly on the last issue being reserved, as ever November issue is, for verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion". All back issues of ANAKREON are available except #4 and #6; write if you're interested. Verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion" were published in #6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, and 28.

*

On 14 January 1986, there was a memorial observance for Dr. Martin Luther King on the Washington Mall. It was there, as the climax of the great Civil Rights March of 1963, that I joined with 350,000 other demonstrators to hear Dr. King deliver his great "I Have a Dream" speech. The weather was far different in January from that hot August day. According to Myron S. Waldman's report in Newsday of 15 January, "The temperature was in the low 20s, so cold that the U. S. Air Force Band canceled its appearance 90 minutes before the program was to begin." No, this was not an expression of the present Administration's feelings towards Dr. King and the movement which he led. "When the temperature reaches a certain level," a National Park Service spokesman said, "the National Anthem sounds like the National Anguish."

Why? The physical structure of a musical instrument dictates the wavelength of the note that comes out of it. However, the ear responds not to wavelengths but to frequencies. The velocity of sound is equal to the product of the wavelength and the frequency. This means that, for a given instrument, a drop in the velocity of sound means a drop in the frequency of the note.

Let us suppose that a brass or woodwind instrument is tuned to the temperature of 25°C - that's 77° on the old Fahrenheit scale. This would mean that, if you blew an "A" at the international standard frequency of 440 hertz, it would come to the ear of a listener at 440 hertz. But as the temperature drops, so does the velocity of sound in air, and so also will the frequency given off by that instrument. If the temperature drops by 32 Celsius degrees, which corresponds to 58 Fahrenheit degrees - the frequency drops by one half-step on the scale, so that an A would come out as A flat.

So - let us suppose that an instrument designed to give the proper frequencies at 25°C (77°F) is played at -7°C (19°F). Every note will be precisely one step flat.

Things are a bit more complicated with string instruments and with drums, where the sounds are produced not in a column of air but in a stretched string or membrane. The velocity of sound in a stretched string depends on the tension in the string, and also on the string's linear density, its mass per unit length. The velocity of sound in the string is equal to the square root of the quotient obtained through dividing the tension by the linear density. The fundamental note given off by the string has a wavelength equal to about twice the length of the string. Thus, if the tension is off, the frequency loosed into the air by this combination will also be off. And a great many factors can affect the tension - temperature, humidity, and the extent to which the strings are tightened by hand.

This leads to Boardman's Law of Geometrical Guitars. The amount of time required to tune several guitars to one another, before the hootenanny can begin, goes up in geometrical proportion to the number of guitars present.

*

Several issues ago, I printed comments by several observers about what has happened to the folk/filk scene in the past 20 or 25 years. Other people also seem to be concerned about this. In Newsday of 15 December 1985, Al Cohn cited some comments by Peter, Paul, and Mary, who filled "a musical void in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Crooners were passe while the Beatles hadn't yet arrived." Peter, Paul, and Mary made their first gold album in 1963, broke up during "the apathetic attitude of the 1970s that figures in the trio's demise", and reunited in 1978.

Paul Stookey is still writing anti-war protest songs; the latest is entitled "El Salvador". Peter Yarrow wistfully observes that "college students may be delighted today with narcissism, hedonism and jingoism, but...it can change," while Mary Travers

(continued on p. 17)

MY FAVORITE DISEASES

by Mike Agranoff

(The author very kindly gave me permission to reprint this, which has First Serial Rights (c) Copyright 1985 by him. The tune is obviously "These Are a Few of My Favorite Things", except for the lines beginning "Leprosy...", which are to the tune of "Yesterday". He sang it at the Good Coffee House concert described on page 14. It is particularly appropriate for this unhealthy time of year. - JB)

Smallpox and chicken pox, chronic bronchitis
Syphilis and typhus and encephalitis
Sinuses ravaged with coughing and sneezes
These are a few of my favorite diseases.

Pains that are minor and pains that are chronic
Hangnails and herpes and plagues most bubonic
Swine flu that renders you weak in the kneeses
These are a few of my favorite diseases

When my bowels run, and it comes from Montezuma's curse
I simply remember my favorite disease and that makes me feel
Much worse

(Leprosy, all my skin is hanging off of me
I'm not half the man I used to be...)

Cancer and hemorrhoids, tuberculosis
Yaws and malaria, multiple scl'rosis
Chest pains that no simple remedy eases
These are a few of my favorite diseases

Gangrene and jaundice, severe dermatitis
Ulcers and gallstones and appendicitis
Polio, whooping cough, colds, mumps, and measles
These are a few of my favorite diseases

When neuralgia brings nostalgia of the pains gone by
I think of diseases I've yet to contract, and that makes me want
To die.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 16)

explains the group's decline by saying that "Folk music by its nature is positive. It says you are empowered to do something. When the Vietnam War wouldn't wind down, people became frustrated, and they stopped listening. Pop music became loud and angry." If you've ever watched any rock videos, this judgment holds up very well.

Folk music is not "re-emerging", Travers contends; it never left. The activity chronicled in the Pinewoods Newsletter (see page 15) certainly verifies this. Bring out one good big Cause, comparable to civil rights in 1960 or Pacifism in 1970, and the whole scene could come 'round again.

We keep trying to persuade ourselves.

*

With her contribution to this Mailing, Roberta Rogow writes that she has a gig on cable television! She'll be singing on "That's Show Biz!" on Channel C in Manhattan at 6 PM on Tuesday 18 February 1986.

••

I left a couple of names out of the accounts in "The Ministry of Finance" on page 12. They are:

Roberta Rogow \$2.73

These accounts are up to 31 January; any last-minute money that comes in will be reported in the blank on page 12 that gives the state of your current postage/printing account.

*

It is not, strictly speaking, a folk-music establishment, but I've noticed that a great many folkers and filkers are also interested in the lore and literature of the Keltic peoples. Eileen Campbell Gordon is the extremely knowledgeable proprietor of the Rivendell Bookshop, an East Village store which specializes in these topics, with enough left over for the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians as well. The shop is located at 109 St. Mark's Place, between First Avenue and Avenue A, and is open from noon to 8 PM, seven days a week. The telephone number is 212-533-2501.

Rivendell is a bookshop in the classic tradition, where you can not only buy books on a wide range of topics but also get into interesting conversations with the proprietor and other customers on these topics. Some days I have been there when it was virtually a seminar on literature and history.

*

The Christian attack on popular music has broken out in a new place. The father of a 19-year-old suicide in Los Angeles has filed suit against Ozzy Osbourne, the British heavy-metal rock singer, for causing his son's death. And how, you may ask, could a singer in England cause the death of a teen-ager in California? Well, according to the multi-million dollar law suit that the suicide's father has filed against CBS Records, Jet Records, and two songwriters, the lyrics of some of Osbourne's songs "drove" him to it. "The coroner concluded that McCollumn committed suicide 'while listening to devil music'," according to Newsday (14 January 1986) (Remember, this was in California.) It is a felony under California law to encourage a person to commit suicide; the news story did not state whether an exception is made for recruiters from the armed forces. The lawyer hired by the suicide's father says the albums Speak of the Devil and Blizzard of Oz, and the singles "Suicide Solution" and "Paranoid", somehow caused the suicide.

In any other state, these would certainly be thrown out of court with a sharp However, the recent performances of California courts indicate that all bets are off. So far, the only sensible statement on the matter has come from Osbourne's wife, who said, "I'm glad this boy never read Shakespeare in school, because he would have shot himself years earlier. Everyone was killing everyone in Shakespeare."

In other fields, Christians are also attacking things which allegedly cause suicide. Fantasy Role Playing (FRP) games are under attack from the National Council on Television Violence (NCTV) - but then, so are Rainbow Brite commercials, Agatha Christie murder mysteries, and Walt Disney films. The guiding spirit of NCTV is Pat Pulling, who is trying to sue the manufacturers of the FRP game Dungeons & Dragons for 3 million dollars, alleging that her son's suicide would not have happened if he hadn't played this game. The Christian pamphleteer Jack Chick (a Californian) has come out with a cartoon booklet called Dark Dungeons, making the same claim that FRP games are an invention of the devil. At gaming conventions I have distributed these booklets to the accompaniment of gales of laughter, and a few anguished yelps from Christians.

(Chick's pamphlets and comic books are available at Christian bookshops. If you want to see just how stupid these attacks are, I'll send you a copy of Dark Dungeons for 35¢, and one of Spellbound?, the comic book that attacks rock music as demonic, for \$1. These idiots are trying to fasten censorship on our country. Stupid as their tracts and statements are, they unfortunately have to be taken seriously.)

*

There is a tradition of long-standing, among science-fiction fans in the New York City metropolitan area, of interrupting parties at midnight to sing "God Save the Queen". This was probably originated about 20 years ago by Fred Lerner, who is the devoted sort of Anglophile possible only for one who does not trace a single line of ancestry to the British Isles. After "God Save the Queen" is sung, a few other rituals follow. One line, originated by Sherna Comerford, is "Up the Irish!"; this quickly became transmuted to "Up the Queen!", accompanied by gestures leaving no doubt as to its meaning. A ritual added by some Admiral Hornblower fans was the cry "Confusion to the French!", with the response: "Their normal state of affairs." Over the years, other additions have become part of the ritual. The singers now immediately go into "The Queen she had a date" - a modern version which is a variation on one I learned some 35 years ago as "The King he had a date". Both are printed to the right. I suspect that the original version dates from the reign of the sovereigns known to history as "King George the Fifth" and "Queen Mary the Fourth".

"King George he had a date,
He stayed out very late,
He was the King!
Queen Mary paced the floor,
King George came in at four,
She met him at the door -
God save the King!"

"The Queen she had a date,
She stayed out very late,
She was the Queen!
The King he paced the floor,
The Queen came home at four,
He met her at the door -
God save the Queen!"

Still later, Vinnie Bartilucci's "Blue People Make Me Sick", to the same tune, was appended to these other verses during the ceremony. However, that has already appeared in APA-Filk.

On the evening of Saturday 4 January 1986, we had a few friends over for a party; practically all of them were science-fiction and fantasy fans. Upstairs in the library, I was with a group playing Trivial Pursuit. Also in the game was a young man named Tarlagh MacNiallais, who was doing quite well in the game considering that it is the U. S. edition, and he is just over from Belfast. He is a war-gaming fan, but unacquainted with science-fiction fandom. And, to judge from the odd casual remark, I gather that he and his are most dissatisfied with the political arrangements presently prevailing in the British Zone of Occupation.

As we were playing, I checked my watch and found that it was 11:55 PM. I realized that I would have to make some very fast explanations to Tarlagh if a sticky situation were to be avoided. This I did.

He was quite interested in the custom, and contributed a few scraps of songs about Her Majesty which he had learned in Belfast. I plan to ask him for further details, since most of them fall in the "filk" category, and to print them in future issues of ANAKREON.

*

Dial-a-Filk? Yes, it's come to that. And, according to a story in the New York Post of 28 January 1986, this idea has come, of all places, from a labor union - a movement that has not had a new idea in many decades. It seems that Local 1199 of the Hospital Workers' Union is trying to unseat its leader, Doris Turner, claiming that she sold them out and used union funds for personal affairs, including an affair of the heart or of some organ.

"Adieu Doris!
You are through, Doris,
'Cause you're not fit to be our president.
You sowed your oats, Doris,
Stole our votes, Doris,
But you still can't come up with that
magic 5 percent."

Georgianna Johnson is challenging Turner for the local's leadership, and her supporters have set up a Save our Union Hotline (212-580-2772) which allegedly plays this song for people who dial it. (The tune is "Hello, Dolly!") Turner is alleged to have sold out a 1982 strike which was asking for a 5% wage increase. "Some 1500 copies of the interview cassette were circulated among the 70,000 union members." The idea seems to have come from Moe Foner, a veteran union organizer and member of a family which has been at the forefront of union activity in New York City for many years.

*

In other of my amateur publications, including the issue of DAGON which most of you will be receiving when this ANAKREON is mailed out (#331). I have maintained that the United States of America is in a post-political era. However, the Chad Mitchell Trio doesn't seem to know this. According to a news item in Newsday of 31 January, they are getting back together for the first time since 1965. In the early 1960s they did such satires as "The John Birch Society" and "Barry's Boys". But they made a surprise reappearance in Washington at a concert celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Washington folk music radio program "Music Americana". The original Chad Mitchell Trio was Chad Mitchell, Joe Frazier, and Mike Kobluk. Mitchell left the group in 1965 and was replaced by an unknown named John Denver.

They may be in for a surprise if they expect to continue with those political attitudes in the fifth year of the Reagan Presidency, with the former head of the CIA waiting in the wings.

*

Maybe folksingers can't get very far promoting liberalism or peace (two causes diametrically opposed to each other), but they are still giving the good old Environment a try. There is now in progress a series of folk concerts in Brooklyn Heights, presented by New York City Friends of Clearwater to raise money for "the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, an environmental-action and education organization based in Poughkeepsie" and strongly backed by Pete Seeger. (New York Daily News, 30 January)

The shows begin on 8 PM on Fridays at 145 Columbia Heights. Tickets are \$8 per concert and \$40 for the entire series. For information call 996-3154; the newspaper story did not specify whether this is area code 212 or 718. The performers are:

- 21 February: Paul Kaplan and Bob Norman
- 14 March: David Anram
- 11 April: The Hudson River Sloop Singers
- 2 May: Christine Lavin
- 13 June: Dan Smith

ANAKREON #29

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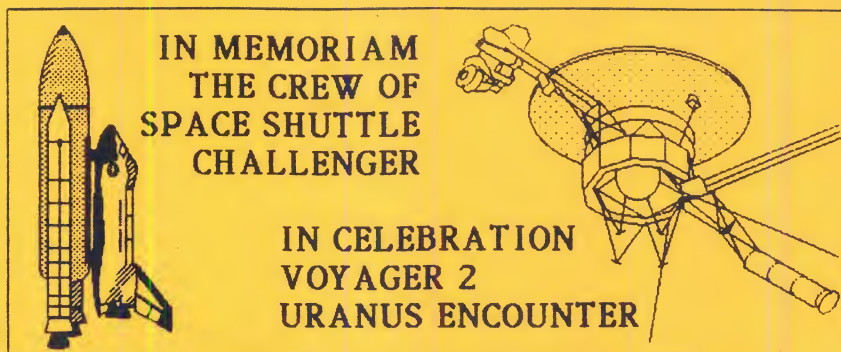
Do you sing, play recorder, harp, guitar or sax? Do you belong to a folk, rock, jazz or semi-classical group? No matter what your style or instrument, if you're a fan and play music you think fans would enjoy (not necessarily just filk) then try out for the show. Sets will be fifteen to thirty minutes long. Send a tape, description of your act, and list any special musical requirements for your performance to :

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NOTE: The tapes won't be returned before the convention and due to time limitations some selection will be necessary. We would also like some other NON-MUSICAL performing artists (comedy, magic) Please contact us to arrange for an audition.

NUKE THE KAZOO #4

February 1986 for APA-Filk #29
©Michael Rubin
19 Broadway Terrace #C, NYC 10040



¿Que Pasa? Department:

Another day, another job; my contract with AT&T is finished and I'm now, er, "between assignments". I did find out why people work in Freehold, NJ: it feels **so** good when you stop!

Hoo-boy. John Glenn is right to say that someday we were bound to lose a shuttle (just like there are two kinds of pilots: those who have made a gear-up landing, and those who will); but this is not exactly the failure mode anybody had expected. I'm real glad to see that most people have come out in favor of keeping the manned space program going, although the "let's send robots to do everything" crowd has also picked up steam. • I'll wait a while before trying to add new verses to the Apollo 1 songs "Memorial" and "The Phoenix" in Minus Ten and Counting, in case the original authors (Misty Lackey and Julia Ecklar respectively) are already doing so.

Vinnie told me there's now a filk SIG (Special Interest Group) on Compuserve. Guess who isn't on Compuserve. Now I'm thinking of starting a filk mailing list on Usenet/Arpanet; I wonder if anybody has accounts on both networks and would be willing to forward messages?

A Little Egoboo Department:

At Philcon, Clam Chowder was taking song requests written on dollar bills. (They've muttered for some time about using this policy at cons where they are swamped with requests; but this was a benefit for Manly Wade Wellman, who recently lost a leg to diabetes and needs to have his house retrofitted for wheelchair access.) I got out a fine-point pen and wrote my one-verse filk of "Babylon is Fallen" (in **NTK #2 / APA-Filk #27**) in the margins of a dollar bill. This was a tactical mistake, as only one Clam could read it at a time and the verse was thus sung in one-part harmony. However, enough of the audience fell down laughing that the Chowder have threatened to sing it elsewhere.

Of course, this means I have to write some more verses....

Rush-hour tie-ups on the Island bring the strongest of men to weep.
The LIE is jammed through Montauk; Sunrise Highway's stacked ten cars deep.
The weight's too much! The land is sinking - past the mantle to the core;
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen; Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

Reverberating Echoes Department:

Singspiel #28 (Blackman): I've met way too many hippies-turned-yuppies. They show all the excess zeal of the religious convert; I think their motto is "Tune in, turn on, sell out." The commercial for the Ford Aerostar van ("This is the dawning of the age of the Aerostar" to the tune of "Aquarius") nearly made me puke.

Anakreon #28 (Boardman): I don't care who this Diana is, I won't FAWN on her. • Verse #537 must be what they call rock music. Yes, I know that pun wasn't exactly marble-ous, but 90% of everything is schist.... • Verse #545 manages to rhyme "sari", "merry" and "hairy". I'm told that you can tell where in the U.S. a person comes from by asking him to say "Marry merry Mary Murray"; a New Yorker will say "Mairy mairy mairy murry", a Californian will say "Mriry mriry mriry mrry" and a Texan will say "Mumble mumble mumble mumble".

Jersey Flats #5 (Rogow): Major head colds always seem to coincide with cons. See "Old Time Religion" verse #559 (the one to Murphy).

Isoscan #2 (Marcus): I'm NOT PAUL RUBIN! I'm not even RELATED to Paul Rubin!! Yes, I know you were LOC'ing from memory, but Paul and I seem to get confused like this at least once a year.... • I've also seen Bob Asprin do his "I'm takin' over this here filksing" bit. He only does it around 5 AM when he's very drunk, and everybody else is too asleep to care. The one time I saw him sober at a filk, he was calm and civil (and didn't sing).

